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THE

1156

MERETRICIAD

Meretricem ego item esse reor, Mare ut est, quod des, devorat.

PLAUT. TRUC.

The SECOND EDITION;

Revised, and corrected, with large Additions.

Edward Thompson



Printed for the AUTHOR:

And sold by C. MORAN, under the Great Piazza, Covent-Garden.

M.DCC.LXI.

[Price Two Shillings.]

THE
MERCETRICIAN

Printed by J. B. G. at the
MERCETRICIAN

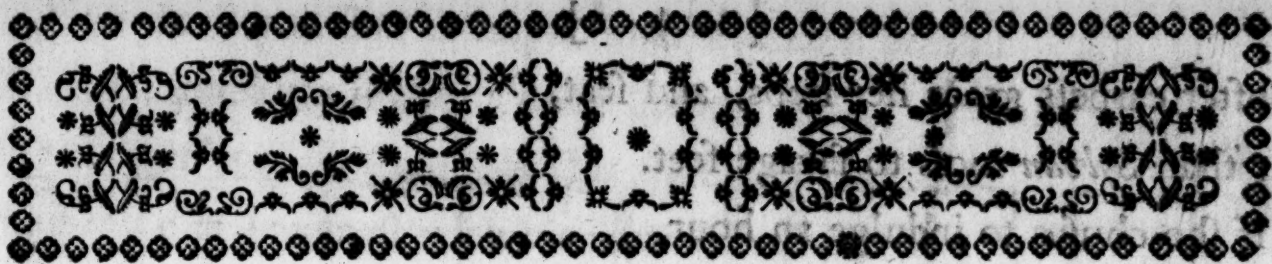


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T H E

M E R E T R I C I A D.

IMMORTAL DENHAM in far earlier times,

I Tun'd this soft maxim in melodious rhymes :

That mild *Parnassus*, nor her milder streams,

E'er made some poets, or the poets themes ;

For many sure there are, who've sung, and sing,

Yet never sip'd at the *Castalian* spring,

Which plainly proves the muse, the poet made,

And now invok'd for ev'ry Dunces aid :

So to avoid the beaten path of old,

I'll make a Muse,—if not as good,—as bold :

And since she's modern, to protect her name,

Have stole her from the *Drawing* Rooms of Fame ;

She's no *Castalian* water-drinking Muse,

Champagne, and Burgundy, she quaffs profuse.

Nor does she naked rake about the groves,

With hair dishevell'd to bemoan her Loves,

Nor does she like a vulgar *Latin* Muse,

Tramp through the woods without her silken shoes ;

B

Far

Far softer carpets grace her steps, and seat,
 Softer than *Sylvan* moss to savage feet.
 And if she chuses to indulge an hour,
 It's not in th' umbrage of the darkling Bower,
 But on a couch of regal feather'd down,
 Where foolish *thought* ne'er introduc'd a frown.

* *Ch*—'s the Muse, who dare aspire to rise,
 And pluck the di'monds from the starry skies :
 O had the Poet half her amorous fire,
 He'd raise her triumphs, and his note the higher.
 But he'll invoke, while invocation's just,
 To spur his pen, as *Venus* spurs thy lust.
 Then deign dear Matron, *Widow*, *Miss*, or *Dame*,
 Two, all, or either, or which is thy name,
 (For thou'rt in life a mystery, not in trade,
 Yet if approv'd the better, — *honour'd Maid*,)
 To aid an infant poet—lately sprung,
 From royal lewdness,—not *Plebeian* dung,
 To chant the triumphs, and exploits of *A—b*,
 Who is not quite so fat, yet quite as rash.
 Say must she sing the most minute affairs?
 Done and transacted in the realm of hairs?
 But hold my muse,—won't that be rather nice
 On her, whose only passion's carnal dice,
 Where little good is link'd, to so much vice;
 It is---so in a whisper wrap it clean,
 More of a whore, or less, she'd better been.

How

* *Chudleigh, maid of Honour to the Princess D. of Wales*

How durst you soar so high, kind honour'd Maid?
 Without invoking *Wilmot's* lathy shade,
 Whose gen'rous soul pursu'd this theme in death,
 And rail'd at lewdness with his parting breath;
 At last declar'd his ev'ry art in vain,
 To scour this lewd *Augean* stable clean:
 Presumptuous muse, t'attempt so hard a theme,
 To make a limpid of a mudded stream;
 When ev'ry wench, who bears but common charms,
 Condemns the traitor, while the treason warms.
 But since my CH* won't her aid refuse,
 Who knows what fortune, with so lewd a Muse?
 Suppose we but the nobler vermin rout?
 One poison's best, to drive another out.
 O lovely H*, whose lovelier name,
 Stood first, and foremost, in the rolls of fame;
 Such fame, as *Venus* bore with *Pagan* Gods,
 When publick stews she made of their abodes;
 Fair *Cytherea's* Queen despis'd her Lord,
 In that, Earth's Goddess too has kept her word;
 Although the Blacksmith-God detected *Mars*,
 In the soft conflict of their am'rous wars,
 And brought the whole Pantheon to behold,
 How his wife gave him horns, and rais'd her gold;
 He, gentle Blacksmith, blest the wanton fawns,
 And (like the moderns) pocketted his horns:
 But since old age has wrinkled her decoy,
 She vows a virtuous life's the only joy;

Not that she don't desire with equal guff,
 But who'd imbody such a piece of lust?
 Thy sister, Goddess, who has long been known,
 For carnal acts in the politer town,
 Now gravely fits, as gravely takes the air,
 And vows her spouse, her only love and care;
 What moving miracles, these times afford!
 "Lo! Lady V* sleeps constant with her Lord."
 Happy it is, when Females turn in time,
 And, like this beauty, ever keep their Prime.
 Rouge we put on, to vamp a batter'd face,
 As crooked Fops set off their corps with lace;
 What don't our Ladies owe to *Pompadore*?
 She gives the ugly charms, the beauty more,
 Blanches the rural, rosy *British* cheek,
 And if too pale, crimsons the dimple sleek:
 With witty *Sumner*, have you lately been?
 Was it at tea? before she'd time to clean!
 Did you not stare to see her pebbl'd face?
 Observe it now! with ev'ry blooming grace.
 Ladies wear vizards now throughout the town,
 You rarely meet a female with her own;
 Down from the Dutchess, to the Wench in place,
 All have their morning, and their evening face.
 What things has *France* exported to this isle,
 To spoil our beauties, and corrupt our stile;
 Return 'em genuine,—and take back *Belleisle*.

}
Thee

* Lady Vane,

Thee ^o*Lucy* thee, whose meagre smutty charms,
 Diverted first the Soldier under arms,
 Or if he wanted when his guard was out,
 A little nonsense on the silent flute,
 Then you supinely laid your matches by,
 And to the musick join'd the melting sigh;
 Say was it there *Orlando*^y heard thy hymns?
 There did he grow enamour'd of thy limbs?
 O happy Knight, whose judgment could draw out,
 Such shining beauties, from a lousy clout;
 Yet matchless *Lucy* do not think I blame,
 Thy great ambition of a Lady's name,
 Nor do I care, how, when, or where the Knight
 Disturb'd thy oceans, in the shades of night:
 Let the world talk, for scandal's never dumb,
 What beats a Lady's finger and a thumb?
 How shall my Muse, my *Lucy* now approach,
 Exalted from a basket to a Coach?
 Nothing emboldens but her not being prude,
 And kind indeed, if only kind as lewd;
 Then say soft *Lucy*, when you rode in state,
 Why, would you drive at phaëtonick rate?
 Suppose your keeper was a bit decay'd?
 He was no less a man than you a Maid;
 Why fly your Sire, with those new whiten'd charms?
 To loll and wallow in a turnkey's arms,
 And when you'd quite exhausted *Newgate's* lust,
 You seiz'd poor ^{*}*Palmer* with as great a gust:

Inhuman

^o *Lucy Cooper*
^y *Sir Orlando Bridgman*
^{*} *Palmer the Comedian*

Inhuman thirst, thou very vital drain,
 Lewder than all the Whores in *Charles's* reign.
 But that, and more, thee *Lucy*, she'd excus'd,
 Had you *Ben Johnson's* tippling head refus'd;
 Where *Usher*, you and *Bewly* oft got drunk,
 And then pull'd caps with some less dirty Punk,
 When *B** made his last dear will and groan,
 A good annuity was then thy own;
 With this proviso—that you'd rake no more,
 Nor play the vagrant, mercenary whore.
 Alas! thy many actions since has shown,
 Thou could'st not quit the bottle and the town;
 Oft has the Muse beheld thy tott'ring feet,
 And pray'd that instant for the widest street;
 But then 'twas night, and little to be seen,
 So no great matter whether foul or clean.
 At fam'd *Bob Derry's*, where the Harlots throng,
 My muse has listen'd to thy luscious song;
 And heard thee swear like worser *Drury's* Punk,
 The man should have thee, who could make thee drunk,
 Cit, Soldier, Sailor, or some bearded Jew,
 In triumph reeling, bore thee to some stew.
 At other times more riotous than lewd,
 Then nought but swords, blood, tears, and oaths ensu'd:
 So dire a conflict surely ne'er was known,
 A worse fedition *Hellen* could not fown.

* *J. O. Bridgman,*

Men

Men in all ranks, all characters of life,
 Promiscuous mingle in the doubtful strife,
 Broomsticks, swords, poakers, stools, chairs, fists, and tongs
 Together clash, for *Lucy's* drunken wrongs,
 Bowls, glasses, bottles whiz about the ears,
 And wound regardless, Citizens and Peers:
 The females blubber, kneel, shriek, pray and swear,
 Tearing caps, laces, sattins, filks and hair:
 " Now, now the city, now the army beats,
 Till the loud clamours reach the publick streets,
 Chairmen, Links, Coachmen, Waiters, Nightmen, Pimps,
 Crowd to see *fair play*—to the Culls and Nymps;
 The noise at last, the drowsy watchmen catch,
 And twirl their rattles, for their brother watch;
 Away they hobble, with their lights and clubs,
 A little conscious they'll receive the drubs;
 Join the confusion, hoping to subdue
 This bloody, ever fighting motley crew;
 But all in vain—they only serve to raise
 The fire, as fuel to create more blaze.
 Heard you that rush of woe?—those horrid cracks,
 Ten lanthorns broke, ten watchmen on their backs;
 A greater ruin *Derry's* never saw;
 Two *Jews* were kill'd, a Bobwig, and a Beau:
 At last the Constables with numbers beat,
 And crown the Warriors, with a round-house treat,
 By them in triumph *Lucy's* bore away,
 A captive *Queen*, to wait the rising day;

D

She

She in her arms embrac'd a drunken Beau,
 And with him snor'd upon a truss of straw,
 Rose the next morning with her batter'd corps,
 And march'd in matchless bronze to *Fielding's* door;
 " O let the rigid sentence be forgot,
 For *Bridewell* never was my *Lucy's* lot."

Debates being done, with *Bewly* she return'd,
 And with dear *Usher*, for fresh riots burn'd;
 The *Shakespeare's Head*, the *Rose*, and *Bedford Arms*,
 Each alike profit from my *Cooper's* charms.
 But oh! alas! how fully can we weep,
 Fat *Wh*by* sunk in eternal sleep:
 She rests, large Queen, from kitchen's greezy storms,
 And's wheel'd in solemn dirge for hungry worms,
 Weep, weep, my *Lucy*, *Wheatherby's* no more,
 A loss like this, you never knew before;
Usher, *Orlando*, *Wheatherby*, are gone;
 In dismal sackcloth the dear worthies moan.

The greatest deeds a nine days wonder are,
 But *Lucy* laugh'd between each trembling tear;
 Sought a new feat for *Bacchanalian* chat,
 And fix'd her standard at the *Golden Cat*;
 But City Wits, whose brains no fools rely on,
 Cry! curse his head,—that *Golden Cat's* a *Lyon*.
 Where she enjoys whatever's great or low,
 The brawny Chairman, or the lathy Beau;

This

This I'll assert—for it's her real due ;
 Witty with candour, in her friendships true ;
 Moves with good-nature, dignity and ease,
 Form'd to torment the soul, and yet to please :
 Erase thy vices with the sliding day,
 The Muse invites thee to attempt to pray :
 Nor let thy wit immerge thy reason too,
 Tho' thine is pleasing, as it's ever new.

Fisher thou'rt young,—but in the rolls of fame,
 Who can, or dare eclipse a *Kitty's* name.
 Let antique poets sing romantick loves,
 Of Ladies visited by Bulls, or Doves,
 Or to their arms secrete—the dearest Man,
 A vig'rous Stallion, or a diving Swan :
 These trivial stratagems perplex no more,
 It's deem'd an honour to be call'd a *Whore*.

The fairest, sweetest, Debauchee below,
 A timber'd Son of *Liffey*, and a Beau,
 My Muse maintains it, and she'll prove it too,
Kitty, ne'er harm'd so many maids as you.
 Each flirting slut, on whom's bestow'd some charms,
 When e'er she sees thee, thrills with lewd alarms,
 Swings to the glass, finds beauties she ne'er had,
 And, fill'd with vanity, runs chariot mad.
 “ View *Kitty Fisher*, who the other day
 “ In grogram drudg'd—now ravishingly gay,

“ Nay

" Nay wore check'd aprons—that, I've oft' been told,
 " Now she wears none—but drags a train of gold;
 " Nor is she handsome, that, we all allow;
 " But peacock's feathers beautify the daw.
 " Then why mayn't I as well as *Fisher* pass?
 " The men all tell me, I'm a pouting lass."

Thus has thy grandeur, and ill-gotten fame,
 Debauch'd the Virgin—and the darling name.

Kitty, my Muse will not pretend to say,
 Who first deflower'd or brought thee into play:
 So many make pretensions to the fact;
 Since you've forgot, they cannot be exact.
 Some say an Ensign, some an am'rous *Knight*,
 A Suburb 'prentice,—some a Serjeant *Kite*;
 Many have paid for't, who could well afford,
 A gay Sea Captain, and an old Sea Lord;
 Who of all these, can we the Hero dub?
 It may be one, or all of *Arthur's* club.

Ye Gods! when future ages read this o'er,
 Will they believe, to keep a painted Whore,
 A thousand Nobles of the *British* Line,
 Of diff'rent ages, could promiscuous join?
 Peruse the Antients, nothing could employ
 So many tails, unless the siege of *Troy*.
 An Eastern * Fair, to consecrate her dust,
 At *Memphis* rais'd a Pyramid of lust:

* *Cheop's* daughter.

And

And lovely *Lais* of *Trinacria's* * Isle,
 Who all the youth of *Corinth* did defile,
 Whose greedy, thirsty, mercenary soul,
 The greatest presents only could controul;
 Our Lords, like sage *Demosthenes*, ne'er said:
 But buy repentance, at the Harlot's bed.
 Nor *Philip's* mad, enthusiastic son,
 When thro' the East, his arms victorious run,
 In his debauches ne'er exceeded this,
 Tho' grand *Persep'lis* flam'd, to please his Miss †.
 One man may err, like *Alexander* drunk;
 But who would *club*, to feed a craving punk.

But tell me, *Kitty*, where was all thy art?
 Amongst these numbers not to steal one heart;
 When sep'rate you enjoy'd the *wining* man,
 What could resist a well-laid bedded plan?
 Then where were all thy mercenary schemes?
 To lose the settlement, the best of themes.
 It was thy dullness, and thy snowy touch,
 Or man had never thought he lov'd too much.
 Who besides thee, pray would not sweat and toy,
 T'imbibe at once some profit and some joy?
 Nay bear one *Heir* to all---a lovely boy.
 A nurse who's skill'd in all the Gossip's clack,
 To ev'ry Cully will a likeness tack,
 Swears he's a Duke's, a Bishop's, or a Lord's,
 And with a striking feature, prove her words.

* Sicily.

† Thais.

O *Kitty* think, had you but mov'd in tune,
 What mighty things your son, and you had done;
 E'en *Cleopatra* with her orient grace,
 Was but a *Gipsie* to thy lovlier face;
 You might have shone, he out-whipp'd *Phaëton*,
 And drove the Chariots of the *Stars* and Sun.
 Oh! shame and scandal to thy charms and birth,
 To hobble in, a *vis à vis* on Earth.
 The only thing amongst that mighty club,
 Entitles thee a monumental dub
 Was, when a noble Lord had cause to rue
 The paying twice for what he could not do;
 The deed by Matrons will recorded stand,
 "A Lord in bed with *Venus*,---and unman'd."
 This was a merry, and a witty deed,
 Surpassing all the beauties of thy steed;
 Say, did that mincing, spotted *Palfrey* run?
 To lay thee down in earnest, or in fun:
 Unpolish'd Horse, to be so nobly rid,
 And flirt, and gambol, like a wanton kid.
 Suppose thy Rider really made thee proud?
 Why little *Pye-ball'd*,---why so very rude?
Saint George himself, ne'er rode a foffer pace,
 Nor like thee, *Kitty*, mov'd with such a grace.
 My Muse she weeps, O had it been a mare!
 My own dear *Pegasus* had got an heir.
 But worse than that---O this---e'en makes her bleed:
 Lo! [†]*Hermitage* upon the *pye-ball'd* Steed.

Some

* *Polly Hermitage* who spurned Lord Deloraine's name when kept by him,

Some doubts she has, and may they prove no worse;
 "Beware you fall no lower than your horse:"
 Remember this, and from a Muse who's just,
 Thy man's a bankrupt, both in purse, and lust;
 And tho' the Sun shines, yet may fortune frown,
 And quite reduce, both him, and Mrs. Brown*.
 Mankind's deceitful, you have had your swing,
 Remember *L—k—t* wore a brilliant ring.
 Kitty repent, a settlement procure,
 Retire, and keep the Bailiffs from the door.
 Too well thou'rt known, too long you've play'd the whore,
 Put up with wrinkles, and pray paint no more:
 No more thou'rt thought a subject for the town,
 Reject Miss Kitty, for plain Mrs. Brown.
Equestrian Hermitage, an answer deign?
 Why for a Moor, quit genteel *De—l—n*?
 The fault (like all thy sex) is not in you,
 You did your best, he wanted something new:
 Women by use, increase their love and joy,
 But men more variable, disgust, and cloy:
 Thus like a crab-louse clings the haggard scold,
 The more you scratch, it keeps the firmer hold.
 Is it thy am'rous disposition say?
 That lulls thee with the black *Arabian Bey*,
 Their nature's hotter, and their colour's rarer,
 And that's sufficient to allure a Fair.

* Her name as House-Keeper.

But

⊕ *The Populic Ambassador Son then in England*

But tell me Hermitage, amongst the sons
 Of Butchers, Draymen, Brewers, Chairmen, Bums
 Could you not find a sturdy youth to please?
 And give thy meretricious passions ease?
 Is such thy conscience, appetite, and want,
 That *Tripoli* can give what *Britain* can't
 Pursue the scheme, enjoy the swarthy race,
 Till they perceive the vizard of thy face.

But here observe the *Juliet* of her days,
 Fall'n from the pinnacle of public praise.
 Oft' with encomiums has the Playhouse rung,
 Enraptur'd with the music of thy tongue,
 Oft' has the Virgin sympathiz'd thy doom,
 And wept for *Juliet* in the silent tomb;
 Nor griev'd we less when *B** withdrew,
 Yet we forgave thee for the golden view.
 How did the Town applaud thy happy choice,
 Altho' in thee she lost the sweetest voice?
 But if the ties of mother will not bind,
 How weak are women, ignorant, and blind!
 Not all the rhet'ric of a Courtier's tongue,
 Or that of mother from thy tender young,
 Were found sufficient to subdue thy lust,
 Tho' quite corroded, by corrosive rust,
 When *M**** had thee, such a deed as this
 Was merely modish, and became a Miss;

But

* *Mr Bellamy, the artist*

But yet his tenderneſs, could not ſubdue,
 That thirſt of dear variety in you:
 All he could ſay that itch could not deſtroy,
 To bind the Mother to the lovelieſt Boy.
 But ſince Old Time has worn the dimple ſleek,
 And furrow'd wrinkles o'er the bluſhing cheek,
 Who would imagine you would play the whore,
 And fly in raptures to the *Irish* ſhore?
 But women crave while man's a drop to give,
 Nor ceaſe to luſt, until they ceaſe to live.
 If e'er theſe lines ſhould reach thy flinty heart,
 Fly to thy babes—and act the mother's part;
 But if they'll not induce thee to return,
 Diſgrace, and ſhame, muſt ſeal a *Juliet's* urn.

With regal grace *H*t* fills the fretting Stage,
 And would do honour to the train, and page;
 But ſee ſhe quits the operative plan,
 To ſleep in peace, with an endearing man.
 The awful Theatre of late's become,
 A mere receptacle for ev'ry Strum:
 You might as well have ſpar'd your ſpouting pains,
 And clung with honour, to thy honeſt grains;
 If *H*t*, a Siſter Muſe, muſt do thee right,
 Thou'rt Envy's ſelf—with all thy Sex's ſpite;
 Of all thy ſtamp, the moſt carniv'rous Trull,
Adam's whole race, thou'd grapple as one Cull.

Swear not the Muse's is a partial pen,
 Because thou'rt avaricious *H*t* of men;
 She'll give thee all the merits that are fair,
 Nay, kindly wish thee too a greater share:
 " You have been tender o'er a Sister's health,
 " And sav'd the *Fair-one* by your care and wealth ;"
 For Charity in Harlot, King, or Cowl,
 The world must own denotes a noble Soul.

Behold, what's here ! a lovely Form of joy,
 A fairer *Hellen*, for a greater *Troy*;
 How could pollution such a Genius wed?
 A genius worthy of the chafest bed.
 How came she lost in ignorance and rust?
 A common prostitute, to common lust ;
 * *Mur---y* if e'er thy deeds, or Summer plays,
 Deserv'd encomiums, or the publick's praise,
 'Tis now, for introducing to the light,
 The peerless *Elliot*, for the Town's delight.
 Let Poets wrangle, and be-rhyme thy Muse,
 Contemn the papers, and the two Reviews;
 Let them for barren *Pindus* Hill contend,
 Decline the low pretension *Naiad* friend ;
 Let witling's snarl, let *George's* Coffee-House sneer,
 Let Midwife Bogmaids, drop the muddy tear,
 Let all the Scrubs of bare *Parnassus* bawl,
 Let *Lloyd* prepare the coffin and the pall ;

Exert

+ Fanny Murray

Exert thy talents to their highest pitch,
Then with thy *Naiads* wallow in *Fleet-Ditch*.

Thou'lt nurs'd and rais'd a **Genius for the stage,**
At once to lash, and please a frantick age:
Pritchard, Yates, Cibber, now are all undone,
Clive, Hart, and *Pope*, must either hide or run:
These are thy triumphs, thy exploits **O Poll,**
What pretty things you've done, with *tol---de---roll*,
Let *Garrick* sheath his *Shakespear's* tragick knife,
Bind up the antient plays, and *Jealous Wife*,
Play on my Sons the *Citizen*, and *Maid*,
But dread the *Rosciad*, and implore his aid;
Let Managers anonimously sue,
And beg my Lord to grant the *Wishes* too,
The King protects you, let the play perplex,
And with pay'd *B---t---y* halloo,—*Vivat Rex!*
How well harangu'd, when *Harlequin's* to preach,
He has no right t'invade the realms of speech;
We've never heard a patent that he had,
To hide suspicions of his not being mad;
My Muse don't mean thee Whirly-gig to hum;
It wou'd been better, had you still been dumb.
Yet still my Summer Sons the vict'ry's great,
“ See *Rich* and *Garrick*, bow beneath your feet:”
And may my *Hooper* still appear as new,
To all the Town, as she appear'd to you.

What's tripping here more lively ~~than the rest,~~
 If mirth is bliss, than she's supremely ~~bliss:~~
 'Tis *Nancy Dawson*, at a nearer ken,
 Fam'd to delight the Fair, ~~and please the men;~~
 Thy motions *Nancy* are beyond ~~disput,~~
 Nor does the fame they've got ~~these S-H--n doubt,~~
 Only for house-rent has that ~~Jockey ride,~~
 Or does he ride, as in *Love à la mode*
 If so, I've done; it proves ~~you really kind:~~
 I think he rides too heavy, ~~tho' behind:~~
 Tho' you can't bear the whip, ~~but yet the spur,~~
 You'r game egad—too much for such a ~~cur,~~
 Well, dance on *Nancy*, keep the ~~beaten rout,~~
 And burn your Rider, as you was burnt out;
 Nor leave poor *Ken'dy* in the flames to fry,
Poll by the whip and spur will ~~run and die,~~
 Steel to the bottom, only rather ~~hot,~~
 But time and rust the fairest ~~things will rot;~~
 In trot or gallop, you so please ~~these days,~~
 Sure you must amble sweetly in a ~~chaife:~~
 But since it's fashion, and if we agree,
 I'd rather drive you in a *Vis-à-vis*.
 Forgive a chatt'ring, simple, wanton *Muse*,
 She cannot mean you for the *Livery's* use.
 But Mrs. *Ver--n* for the various foot,
 I never heard the little *Gipsy* cut.
 Incline thine ear, and Madam *Marr--t* weep,
 Who ruin'd all, by an extatick leap.

What

What can have harm'd our gay *Italian* Belles?
To make sweet *Petit* dance at *Sadler's Wells*.

Have courage Muse, for Courage you address,
Aspire like her, but ne'er diminish less.
Say, Female Banker, will you condescend
To spare a trifle, to a Muse, your friend?
'Tis true she's old, but common never known,
And yet no stranger to a sensual town;
She slept with men of ev'ry rank and age,
Down from his Highness to his humble Page;
But want will visit oft' the Noble's door,
And when the outside's rich, the inside's poor;
Grant a few scores at what *per Cent.* you will,
Nor doubt my honour, on a trivial bill.
Thus in your nets, as preying Spiders lie,
You seize the harlot, as they seize the fly;
Grant a few pounds, at double premium full,
Then 'rrest the huffy with some dying Cull.
The worst I wish, is, really to thyself,
"Only to starve on such ill-gotten pelf."
What could a Knight see in thy ugly face,
To be hum-bug'd of fifty pounds of lace?
But that's not rare, for thousands have before,
Paid for a maiden-head, and bought a whore.

Of all the Daughters *Venus* ever had,
So fair as *Fordyce* none, or half so mad;

The greatest pleasure that she ever chose,
 Was, to set friends together by the nose;
 Or riot at the *Rose*, or *Bedford Arms*,
 And fire the Bob-wigs, to dispute her charms;
 Her passion riot, for she'd none for drink,
 Her taste and will, deliver'd in a wink;
 Few men she chose, but fewer still admir'd,
Chinese and carnal arts, but little fir'd;
 But where she lov'd, no barriers could prevent,
 To give a mutual joy, was all she meant;
 Two things she bore, amongst her sex but rare,
 Contempt of money, and a foe to care,
 Friend to a Mercer, and a scarlet coat,
 Ever receiving, but without a groat,
 Ne'er build, ye fair, upon her hated plan,
 To fly from room to room, from man to man;
 Pause here my Muse, nor scrawl an harsher word,
 She now lives chastly, with the chastest Lord.

If female softness, and endearing grace,
 May, in the Muses records, claim a place,
Dunn must not pass unsung,—there are I know
 Some snarling few, the Muses wrath below,
 Some wretches dead to nature and to sense,
 Who love to find out faults in excellence.
 Faults she hath some, and all with justice rue
 That one so fair should ever prove untrue:

'Tis strange the Ladies, to set off their youth,
 Will ever deviate from the paths of truth:
 Mistaken notion, to pretend to raise
 A reputation, on so weak a base;
 Somewhat too vain, in fabled notes she sings,
 An antient lineage drawn from Gods and Kings;
 But leave such arts to those, whose form requires
 Helps weak as these, to fan loves dying fires.
 Blest in thyself despise the thoughts of race,
 We ask no parents for so fair a face:
 The rigid judge must bring thy faults to view;
 But candour triumphs, finding them so few;
 Scarce would she wish those blemishes forgot,
 Was ever *Venus* yet without a spot?
 That thou art Woman, we have known before,
 I never thought thee less, nor wish'd thee more,

Behold a face, as fair as great in fame,
 A very *Venus*, with an *Hervey's* name;
 High in the known venereal list she stands,
 Fam'd for the loveliest legs, the fairest hands:
 She bears one fault, as such, we must impeach,
 If with *Adonis*—she should eat her peach;
 She is the *Cytherea* of the land,
 And built her Temple, but it would not stand.
 Industr'ous Fair, she spar'd no corp'ral pains,
 Nor *Stretfield* neither, to encrease their gains;

What

What could declare so soon, the Bankrupt Pair,
 But want of Cattle, fasting, fresh, and fair?
 Causes sufficient, to bring in the Bums,
 So stop'd,—as City Kings, for greater sums.
 If a stagnation proves in all the trades,
 Of corn, oil, tea, tobacco, harlots, maids,
 Business in course immediately must drop,
 And, like Miss *Hervey*, each must shut up shop.
 The coronation causes want of fish,
 And flesh, nay ev'ry other common dish;
 The torn down huffies some sev'n years ago,
 Trim up once more, to flash, and make a show;
 They will not vend, as erst they did, their ware,
 But all keep brac'd, for coronation fair;
 Wait for the Company's return to town,
 And even twist their noses at a crown:
 The only place to find what's nice and rare,
 Is in the Abbey, or the scaffold fair:
 Prebends, Deans, Deacons, now torment no more
 Their dog'd-ear'd Bibles, to the blue-coat poor;
 Their holy charge, with rev'rence is resign'd,
 To things more modern, worldly, and refin'd;
 Sermons, Psalms, Lessons, never waft a care;
 No priest's so happy, as when free from pray'r;
 As for the reliques of the brave, and just,
 Peace they must keep, they've had their dust to dust.
 If ought would wish to shed the pious tear,
 'Tis marble busts, for want of matten pray'r;

(In

(In which the genius of *Roubiliac's* seen,
 Surpassing all that are, or e'er have been.)
 But these will never toll the morning bell,
 A long vacation, makes the cassock swell.
 Why grieve the loss of trade *Herveyan* fair?
 When the same cause effects our daily pray'r.
 Reside in peace till pageant times are o'er,
 You'll never be a bit th' inferior whore.

What's here! a doubtful, visionary fair,
 That, like a juggler's ball, is here, and there;
 Stole from the confines of the old *Welsh* Queen,
 But for the universe, would not be seen;
 " Why gentle *Charlotte* did you not repair,
 " At the appointed time to drown my care?
 " I wrote, I sent five Porters up and down,
 " Tore down the bells, and tore this *Bagnio* gown,
 " But heard no tidings of my joy and wish,
 " Abus'd the waiters,—raving oh! my *Fish*!
 " My Maid was out, I rav'd and tore my hair,
 " Your billet kiss'd, return'd it back with care;
 " But why not break the wafer, gentle *Belle*?
 " My tears declare—I cannot read or spell."
 The honest speech, so pleas'd the rapturous youth,
 He clasp'd dear *Charlotte*, as a country truth;
 Will you forgive me, this unhallowed wit,
 For *Welch* declares that *Fish* can read a-bit,

The Muse is pleas'd to find thee thus improve,
 There must be genius—where there's so much love:
 Perfection, it is none, to write, or read,
 The greater Duncce, the greater *mark of breed*:
 Therefore sweet *Charlotte* must by face, and head,
 Rank high in dignity, being highly bred.

See *Charlotte Hays*, as modest as a saint,
 And fair as ten years past, with little paint;
 Blest in a taste which few below enjoy,
 Preferr'd a prison to a world of joy:
 With borrow'd charms, she culls th' unwary spark,
 And by th' Insolvent Act, parades the Park.

Close at her heels, trips fairer *Nancy Vane*,
 Entomb'd sev'n years, and lo! she rose again!
 Refraught with goods, displays a *Deardian* shop,
 And hums by turns, the *Vet'ran*, and the Fop.
 Thus art and stratagem encreaseth trade,
 And *Welch*, on letchers, palms her for a maid.

There without art, dame nature will appear,
 In matchless *Masse*y, little worse for wear:
 Bend here, ye harlots, with unfeigned grace!
 And own cosmeticks, never touch'd the face.
 She never vended goods unduty paid,
 Nor gave one daub, to mend a batter'd trade;

Just

Just as she bedded, rose the peerless lass,
 Nor never *turn'd* to use the pocket glass:
 A venal trick, trump'd up by batter'd jades,
 And practis'd now by all the twirl-mop maids.
 Unmatch'd shall peerless *Masse* grace my lay,
 Nor want one guinea, while a Muse can pay.

O giddy muse—indelible reproach,
 To pass Miss *Davis*, tho' she lost her coach:
 Say pretty *Polly*, will you deign a nod?
 She humbly kisses thy posterior rod;
 But if you'll not, the tickler you must use,
 And as you flog the *Vet'rans*, flog the Muse.
 Hold! hold! thy hand, my fair incensed Fair,
 Commit not sacrilege thro' dire despair!
 Observe the form, that thou'rt intent to harm,
 A sister beauty, blest with ev'ry charm!
 O pretty *Poll*! will nought thy ire restrain;
 Must a poor Muse for *Kitty* plead in vain?
 Won't all the powers of *Renelagh* withstand
 The little ruin of thy little hand?
 O shame, Miss *Polly*, to thy worshipp'd face!
 Not to regard the grandeur of the place;
 But rush to battle without fear or care,
 Nor spare my Lord—nor spare his Lady's hair;
 O what a body! with a soul so big!
 To beat the powder from a Noble's wig:
 Great was the conquest in that awful place,
 But oh! the exit, was a dire disgrace.

Thee,

Thee, of all harlots, joy portray'd to please,
 To cool the mind, and give the body ease:
 Granted an art, peculiar to thy bed,
 To lay the living, and to raise the dead;
 Since flesh is frail, and subject to mishaps,
Luck, from the blackest rhyme, protect the *Caps*.

But lo! what's here, that interrupts the song?
 Something rough, painted, ugly, bold, and long,
 The *Proteus*, *S—p—ns*, fam'd for legs and shape,
 Sly as a fox, and antick as an ape:
 She has this prudence, “ to retain her cull,
 And like the *Cretan* * dame, conceals her Bull.”

Muse drop the curtain, nor behold this act,
 Two sisters glorying in a carnal fact:
 Shrink at these times, like darker days of yore,
 Two sisters playing with one man the whore.
 Repent O *Gar—ks*, quit the *Bolton* Queen,
 Nor e'er together in the *Row* be seen.
 Next lend your ears,—and lift the grave intreat,
 O spare a Sister, spare *St. James's-Street*:
 Learn her to hate a sensual wicked town,
 And chuse a place more virtuous than the Crown. †

View a continuance of th' incestuous scene!
 O would some guardian virtue intervene!

* *Pasiphaë*.

† The sign where she's 'prentice.

And

And lead the *I—g—ms* with a conscious shame,
 To weep their greatest loss, their virgin name.
 O royal *Hampton*, thy belov'd retreat,
 Is fam'd for all that's elegant, and sweet;
 Thy *Sylvan Shades* the chafest beauties throng,
 The noblest subject of the poet's song:
 Say, what could cause a Noble to destroy,
 Two lovely Virgin's, chastity and joy?
 What cou'd provoke the dire incestuous *gust*,
 To murder *Virtue*, for the sake of lust?
 And then ignobly to deny support,
 Stood cast, and censur'd, in a public court;
 Like a L—d M—r, who for some marriage feat,
 Did, at St. *M—t—n's*, pennance in a sheet.
 But th' eldest *I---g---m---e* like a knowing wife,
 Obtain'd a weighty settlement for life.
 Learn then of her, ye fair, who's fair and kind,
 To grant no favours, till the parchment's sign'd.

What's pregnant here, so very big and rare,
 The strong resemblance of a country fair?
 Blest she's in that, and blest with vig'rous youth,
 But *Cl---m---ns* never deviates into truth.
 Above the rest, her genius I prefer,
 For who can propagate a lie like her.
 She's sick, she faints, she's dead, well, rich, and poor,
 All at a breath,—but rarely 'bove an hour.

" See at her feet an humble suppliant kneel,"
 To plead a passion, he's not sense to feel,
 In scraps of plays, and many a tortur'd line,
 Hums, ah's, and foams, to tell her she's divine;
 Starts, pauses, groans, then raves, with clinched fist,
 A King, then swain, now Ghost, *list, list, oh list!*
 Gives father, mother, friend, and her this line,
 " *Let Cæsar have the world, if Sally's mine.*"
 The youth she kiss'd, and with a Syren's grace,
 Declar'd the child was his,---and nam'd the place:
 Another comes, another, and two more,
 The whole she hums, and would as many score;
 Lords, Knights, and Captains, Commoners, and Scribes,
 Each draws the purse---as he the stuff imbibes:
 Each claims his right, she proves the child his own;
 Yet all the while 'twas got by Mr. Town;
 The whole is settl'd, but the infant's name,
 Who kindly died the very day it came.
 Of all the Nymphs that *Venus* ever bred,
 Of all the living, and of all the dead,
 None ever had the cunning, and the art,
 To thumb the guineas, and to steal the heart:
 She hums the *Vet'ran*, for the youth's regards,
 And plays in turns on him the harlot's cards;
 This is her maxim,---and as good, as true,
 Some men for profit, some for pleasure too.

Davis, a second *Circe* in her wiles,
 Who, *Syren*-like, enchants ye, and beguiles;
 You may as well drink of that witch's bowl,
 As let this *Gipsy* captivate your soul:
 Sings, swears, and riots o'er the sparkling wine,
 Until she makes ye, like *Ulysses*,---swine.
 The *Rose* and *Shakespeare* owe a deal to thee;
 Begot by lewdness upon infamy;
 Which tender name thy genius has retain'd,
 And by the epithet thou'st thousands gain'd.
 In younger days, when Prostitution found,
 And took thee, grov'ling from thy mother ground,
 When thy ambition had no higher calls,
 Than following *Carmen*, to pick up their coals;
 Or raise a laugh, to show thy greater art,
 Steal a few handfuls from the loaded cart;
 Perhaps, to raise a mob, a sister fight,
 Or with a Chairman grunt away a Night:
 These were thy triumphs, thy exploits before,
 The blackest Princess of a common shore;
 Where oft' you've grop'd for iron, not in vain,
 And sifted cinders high, in *Gray's-Inn-Lane*.
 Who wou'd imagine from so mean a thing,
 So fair a face, so sweet a Strum cou'd spring:
 Shocking it was such eyes as thine should be
 Hidden in filth, and viler infamy.
Betsy, delight and ravish with thy tongue,
 Nor mind the Cinder-heap from whence you sprung:

Remember

Remember this, "repent in time and pray,"
For mushrooms rise and perish in a day.

Thy deeds, O *French*! deserve an abler pen,
To paint thy devastations brought on men;
Tho' thou art living, yet they're obsolete,
If ought perpetuates, it's some endless gleet:
You had your hot, nay and your *Cold-Well* too,
And he that dabbl'd did his dabble rue;
I know you shone, I know you knew to please,
And pickle some too with the *French* disease.

Look down my Muse, for thou in all must rule,
And ev'ry praise in store confer on *Pool*;
A *Venus* drawn with all *Apollo's* skill,
To wound in colours, and in life to kill:
As good as fair, in all surpassing kind,
The gentlest manners, with the truest mind.

Now let my Muse—sing what she never sung,
And name the perfect pourtrait, lovely *Young*;
One, tho' not chaste, yet is divinely fair,
As good as beautiful, and kind as rare:
In her the lovely, and the lively meet,
She's all that's just, agreeable, and sweet;
She has the very tenderness of doves,
But, ever jealous of the man she loves;
Blest in each charm that can adorn the mind;
Polite with dignity, by love refin'd:

In

In manners courteous, in affections true,
 In converse, ever pleasing, ever new ;
 But what in all this Angel I prefer,
 A secret never yet transpir'd from her :
 Smooth as the gentle stream, her gentler soul,
 Anxious to please, and easy to controul :
 She's what a man may justly name his *Dear*,
 With rapture love, and to offend must fear ;
 Truth, with Humanity, did once rebel,
 To spare a wretch, that would not spare Miss *Bell*.
 Behold ! she moves with ev'ry goodness fraught,
 And acts what thousands only have been taught ;
 Ladies peruse this copy of the Fair,
 And practise this,—which is not half her share ;
 The Muse would sing, the Muse her note would raise,
 But finds her voice inferior to thy praise :
 Accept the tribute of her honest tongue,
 Forgive omissions, dear *forgiving Young*.

How in the first edition could we pass
 Amongst the fam'd, the fam'd itinerant lass ?
 Who by her motions in the wriggling trade,
 Two sterling thousands, fairly, cleanly made :
 What must be done, when grown so very rich ?
 Travel in whoredom's a peculiar itch ;
 Yet that was hers, and mighty odd---*forsooth*,
 So skim'd from *Dover*, to the milder South :

Swung from *Verfailles*, up to the *Paisbas*;
 Then down in raptures to the banks of *Po*;
 Thro' gay *Aufonia* wore the regal smile,
 And ap'd a Princess of *Britannia's* *Isle*;
 Maintain'd the circle of affected grace,
 A very *Stewart*, in the very face.
 When cash grew low, with dignity she swung,
 From the soft warb'lings of the *Eunuch's* tongue,
 Plan'd out a rout according to her purse,
 And reach'd sad *Calais* just two thousands worse;
 Roll'd o'er the turgid billows of the sea,
 And read new fortune in the dregs of tea;
 Review'd the cliffs from whence enrich'd she sail'd,
 But 'spite of ev'ry effort—tears prevail'd;
 To Town return'd, resum'd the Harlot's chair,
 No bird's back-side so poor, or half so bare.
 Thus *Stewart* liv'd, but now grown rather stale,
 We kindly pay her---just to hear her tale.

Did e'er a quality possess the man,
 That fought a fame upon the baseless plan
 Of Woman's ruin.—Does not the Soul recoil?
 To see Man study to reduce, and spoil:
 Man, he is none---a monster's far too great
 For him, who means to hurt the Virgin's state.
 What cou'd produce, or rear that manly shape;
 And grant one passion---to commit a rape:

Bestow'd

Bestow'd a form, without one good beside !
 A compound, made of ignorance, and pride,
 Swell'd with all evils that *Pandora* nam'd,
 And ev'ry other vice the world since fram'd ;
 Can earth produce a character like this ?
 Yes ! and he wounds when e'er he stoops to kiss ;
 Behold those Forms, on whom he whilom smil'd,
 Thrice wise, and lovely---now alas ! defil'd ;
 Yet still the Fair, are so intent to please,
 They'll love the Serpent if he bends his knees ;
 Nay curse his heart, and dread a Sister's fall,
 And prove the pleasure, tho' they dread the gall.
 Could such a form so lovely---so divine,
 So sweet, so wise, so innocent---as thine ?
 Be so regardless of a C*t's fame,
 To blast thyself, thy family, thy name :
 Soft, gentle Fair, whom Heav'n design'd to please,
 Not fall a prey to scandal and disease ;
 How could the purest mind be so betray'd !
 To yield a wretch the honours of a Maid.
 Too well you knew the character he bore,
 Too well you knew the Females fate before,
 And yet so ravish'd with a manly form,
 To board the bark---and brave the coming storm.
 O C*t, C*t, had I known thee then,
 Thy wrongs had never mov'd the Muse's pen ;
 The noble, honour'd Sisterhood had strove,
 To hide the Wretch from memory, and love :

Think,

Think, when he'd gather'd all the bloom of *May*,
 He rose, and smelt, and cast the sweets away,
 Inform'd the parent of a Daughter's fate,
 Smil'd on her folly—and unhappy state.

“ Would ye, ye Fair, be cautious whom ye prove,”
 Ye rarely meet a true return in Love:
 The Man of Courage, and the Man of Sense,
 Never betray the lovely innocence;
 By Heav'n they're sent to save and guard the Fair,
 And make your Virtue their peculiar care;
 The fool alone disturbs your blest repose,
 The Men of Sense were never *Virtue's* foes.

These are the sentiments which *Honour* give,
 That *worm of virtue* is not fit to live;
Female Assassin, quit the rank of Men,
 Repent, and tremble at a Muse's pen.
 I love a widow that repairs to town
 To jig, and flirt, her bumpkin up and down;
 Brings up a babe to prove her virtuous life,
 And would persuade you that she was a wife:
 A worn-out cant trump'd up so long before,
 It only proves her a far greater whore.
 We've eyes, and see—nay ears, and hear thee too,
 And tongues, sweet Madam—which, must censure you.

If

If on a Chariot—e'er a boy you find,
 Or when *Mam* walks, he, twenty steps behind;
 Or in the Park, or some less publick walk,
 A child in hand, the maid a scarlet cloak,
 You in your mental memorandum place,
 Both babe and Lady of the spurious race.

M—y and *C--r--t* thus come up to town,
Club for a Carriage, tho' they need a gown:
 Try all they can, to pass for something great,
 The very method that betrays their state.
 So men in liquor (like a tawdry punk)
 Aim to speak plain, by which they prove they're drunk.

With these, how fam'd that northern part's become
 Of *Tyburn* road—for Foreigner and Strum.
 Here all Embassadors, prodigious snug,
 Preserve their fair ones from the City Bug:
 Many around the *Abbey* choose to fleet,
 But Doctors vow no air's like *Marg'et-Street*.
 Here from the morning to the midnight hour,
Rap, rap, rap, rap, my Lord is at the door.
 When gone—anon—you hear the *Templers* strut,
 He, like my Lord too—loves a rub at put.
 A Captain next pops in too, wond'rous fly,
 He thinks unseen, because he winks an eye;
 Presents the King most sweetly set in gold,
 Then marches off to quarters, mighty bold.

An effenced Beau, the last attacks the Dame,
 And fights all night, the pureness of her flame :
 Five times the golden picture smartly gives,
 " She vows, he is the sweetest man that lives :"

Early away the dear Sir *Umbrā* trips,
 Vowing no coral can excel such lips.

Next day at noon, *my Lord* makes his approach,
 But at the corner leaves the motto'd Coach ;
 He hopes she's well, and free from ev'ry care,
 She vows, she's ever sad but when he's there.

Thus Ladies pick our pockets, and our brains,
 And we, still blinded—rest their dying Swains :
 It's quite the same with Horfes, Lord, or you,
 The whole they drive alike—*je up--je hu.*

Now stare the world—now, prodigies begin !
 Behold, a learned Banker's Clerk ta'en in.
 By what, by whom ; how, say ? now, when, or where,
 At th' *Coronation*, or the *Smithfield* Fair :
 Neither, yet both, and that may too surprize,
 A ging'bread bargain—and a market Prize.
 But how was this dear harmless youth to blame ?
 She bore a *Burford's* dignity, and name :
 Prov'd five and twenty thousand pounds debt clear,
 And good eight thousands sterling too *per* year.
 Egad dull reader, you'll excuse this whim,
 It might have humm'd wise you, as well as him.

Suppose

Suppose it had?—well then suppose it had?
 In course the world must surely call thee mad.
 Think with what dignity and Love she mov'd,
 Who durst refuse? when by her so much lov'd:
 She spoke the living languages as pat,
 As old tea Gossips gabble out their chat:
 All things she knew—whilst I was green and young,
 I'm not the first undone by woman's tongue:
 Think what a genius, if but chaste as smart,
 The clearest head, with sure the vilest heart:
 Her wit and genius she would hardly use,
 Unless to bilk her lodgings, or the stews;
 Her only aim was pageantry and stuff,
 The dear duration, trivial as her snuff:
 The boy *Adonis* had he seen the Jay,
 Had hated *Venus* to this very day:
 In shape so lovely there ne'er was another,
Cupid might even hugg'd her for his Mother.
 These names she bore, as need and profit drew,
Merchant, Barnes, Errington, and Morgan too:
 In each she mov'd with well affected ease,
 And tho' fictitious never fail'd to please.
 Her false connubial cant would stagger truth,
 Her maiden stratagems betray'd my youth;
 One day a widow, Miss, or Wife she wou'd be,
 Her spouse in *Germany*, or else at Sea;
 When she address'd, a pleasing Maid she mov'd,
 I gaz'd, I wonder'd, and alas! I lov'd.

She

She show'd the virtues of the sweetest mind,
 By genius nourish'd, and by time refin'd;
 I only weep, a wit like her's should raise,
 So vile a fabrick on so firm a base.
 Forgive me reader, for I cannot rail,
 Tho' e'en her deeds have merited a jail.
 Yet let us hope she may repent the crime,
 And find forgiveness in a transport clime.

O what a name! rever'd in days of yore,
 As Maid, Queen, Princess, Dutchess, Countess—Whore,
 When e'er the round O dignifies a name,
 So surely blown from out the *Trump* of Fame;
 These names in verse run smooth as apple-barrows,
 O'Cannillo's, O'Brien's, and O'Harra's,
 'Kelly's, O'Lochlin's, and O'Courcy's too,
 Have been great men and waded *Liffey* thro';
 From them fair *Nancy* you derive your name,
 And on genuine beauties must establish fame:
 Such soft endearing symmetry of parts,
 Must soften Hermits down to Lovers hearts:
 Why should *Hibernia* let her Daughters roam,
 Why not confin'd to conquer hearts at home?
Par-gate should stop these beauties with her tolls,
 And not export them to torment our souls;
 Will not O'Brien *Dublin* then suffice?
 But *Britain* too must suffer from thy Eyes:

Have

Have mercy beauty—and pray learn to feel,
And clasp the Suppliant when he aims to kneel.

Here turn my Muse, behold, this pomp of woe!
The dull proceffion, and the dirge how flow,
Whores, Bawds, and Pimps, make up the grateful train,
To mourn the bodies that the Devil's ta'en,
An hundred watchmen, with their lights and polls
Proceed, but now omit their midnight calls;
Ten ragged green girls, for the gardens praise,
With tops of leeks, and nettles strew the ways;
Then big in flesh see mother *Eastsmith* stride,
With *Gould*, and *Gaudby*, waddling by her side;
To bear their trains, behind three pages creep,
Hill, *Yews*, and *Doddington*, almost asleep:
Then two, by two, a dozen *Bagnio* pimps,
Behind them move, as many torn down nympts:
Next from each playhouse, with the salt-box come,
A Snuffer, Sweeper, Trumpeter, and Drum;
Then, *solus*, hops a dull *Orchestran* flute,
Behind him waddles a theatric Mute:
Now, of each House, five under-strappers came,
Behind, as many *Guinea* Tits of fame,
Dress'd in a flimsy, unbecoming woe,
Pumping for tears, but not a tear will flow:
The chief of these, for tongue and scandal known,
Miss *Innis* she, no viler upon town:

M

Behind

Behind her four of less ignoble names,
Rhymer, Moor, Mitchell, Drogheda their names,
Jenkins, and pretty *Biddy Wingfield* bore
 The tatter'd ensigns of the tatter'd Corps :
 Behind them *Brabsant, Benson, Cook, and Bland,*
 Then *Carey, solus*, with a nightman's wand ;
 Next mov'd fix Bailiffs, hung with horrid writs,
 Which almost frightened *Gardner* into fits,
 Who behind them, assum'd her awful stand,
 With a *memento mori* in her hand :
 In solemn cloaks, just hir'd for the time,
 Ten *Bagnio* Chairmen, hobble on, in rhyme,
 Follow'd by *Crawford, Hambleton, and Trail,*
 Who, for the night, had just obtain'd a bail ;
 With Whips revers'd, twelve *Hackney Coachmen* mov'd,
 Then *Sagroe* fair, and *Buckley* the lov'd,
Spencer, Gore, Monday, Kingborough and *Gold,*
 March'd on as solemn at *St. Paul's* is toll'd :
 Above the rest, majestic *Elliot's* *seen*,
 Deck'd in a modern mantle of pea-green,
 Her right-hand fill'd with things : unfit to tell,
 The left, the bloody knife that flew *Miss Bell,*
Stamford and *Loudon* walk'd in flaming red,
 And *Gifford* with a piss-pot on her head,
 In which the incense for the sacred rite
 Was neatly cover'd from the vulgar's sight.

Solus,

Solus, advanc'd a garden claret blade,
 Crown'd with a paper Cap, of bills unpaid,
 Silent and sad as any Rogue could be,
 That halter'd rode, to dreaded *Tyburn* tree:
 Behind, in snowy fatten, *Holmes* advanc'd,
 In spite of ev'ry pious effort danc'd :
 High on a wand the will of *Douglas* hung,
 And *Bet* the praises of the Donor sung ;
 Round her five infants, fam'd for shrillest sounds,
 Alternate echo'd,—*Holmes* five hundred pounds.
 High above all, was fam'd *Sall Parker* seen,
 Dress'd in a footy, dismal bumbafin ;
 Drawn by three horses in a muddy wain,
 Hired at the *George* in antient *Drury-Lane* ;
 Her hands alternate o'er each mourner's head,
 Ordure, with opium mix'd, profusely spread ;
 Three *Negro* boys, of curst *Antigua's* clime,
 Deputed *Cupid's*, for the dismal time ;
 Wain rumbl'd, wheels groan'd, with the weighty charge,
 As muddy *Thames* does with my Lord Mayor's barge :
 Two *Gambian* Virgins fan'd the painted *Doll*,
 And two more bore an *Indian* par-asol ;
 Next, to make up the motley, howling pack,
 A Steed bore *Bence* and *Harden* back to back ;
 Walkers, full eighty, from the *Strand* appear,
 As many Garden shoe-blacks, grace the rear ;

A thou-

A thousand links on either side for grief
 Weep as they burn,—and *Buckhurst* lo! their chief.
 Thus, from the realms of honour'd *Drury* came,
 This grand procession to the *Garden Fane*;
 Of which fam'd *D—ry* was appointed priest;
 And tho' in function greatest, yet was least!
 When all were gather'd in the hallow'd rails,
Bob, from a basket, topsy-turvy hails!
 “ We're here assembl'd on the noblest schemes,
 “ To mourn great *Douglafs*, *Wheatherby*, and *Whemes*;
 “ And lay the ghost of *Devonpot* that stalks,
 “ And freights the Watchmen in their midnight walks;
 “ And bind *Miss Cassel's* ever restless soul,
 “ Who shocks the Hum—hums with her cloister'd howl;
 “ And to exhort each godly pious whore,
 “ To live, and die, as they have done before.”
 This said, he took the pot from *Gifford's* head,
 And o'er a crazy stall, the incense spread;
 Which *Buckhurst* fir'd,—by order, with his link,
 And thro' the mob, the wind diffus'd the stink;
 When lo! again the priest, dread silence broke,
 And thus renew'd his grating, dismal croak:
 “ Earth lightly lay;—thou world revere their names,
 “ And justice do their morals, and their fames.”
 Whores, Bawds, and Bunters, Panders, Boys, and Men,
 In cadence hoarse, re-bellow out—*Amen*.

When

When in confusion the proceſſion broke,
 And ev'ry mourner march'd, eclips'd in ſmoak;
 All different ways, on different errands run,
Some to undo, but more to be undone.

Q UITE weary'd of my part, I quit the ſtage,
 And curſe the Cringers of a laying age:
 How can an honeſt Muſe expect to live,
 When Rogues, Thieves, Pimps, and dirty Bug—rs thrive:
 Whoredom to theſe, is now a decent trade,
 You never meet *Honour*,----but you may a *Maid*:
 I never held my tongue, or told a lie,
 Int'reſt I've none,—and Int'reſt I defy;
 Unhappy now is honeſt *England's* lot,
 For all but *Scotchmen* are, by G---d, forgot:
 O'er the rough ſeas I'll traverse with my rhyme,
 And ſearch for honour in a *Savage* clime.

YE whores, I pity your decay'd employs,
 “ See half the world maintains poſterior boys :”
 Go to the *Magdalene*, there pious bawl,
 And Mr. *Han--w--y* 'll introduce ye all:

N

Bug---rs

Bug---rs escape as easy from the jail,
As Peter did, when Angels gave him bail.

Adieu, ye fair,---adieu, voluptuous time,
Adieu, all fools,---ye fools, adieu, in Rhyme.

T H E E N D .

Q U I T E weary'd of my part, I quit the stage,
And curse the Cingers of a stage:
How can an honest Man expect
When Rogues, Thieves, Pimps, and Bug---rs thrive;
Whoredom to thrive, is now a decent trade.

You never meet Honour,---but you meet a Whore;
I never held my tongue, or held my pen,
Intest I've none,---and I've none;
Unhappy now is honest Man,
For all but Scoundrels are, by
O'er the rough seas I'll travel with
And search for honour in a Swag's clime.

Yes where, I give your decy'd eyes,
See half the world maintains posterior boys,
Go to the Whorehouse, there you find
And the Whore---I introduce ye to.

